THE HOMES OF BACHELORS

Apartment House Janitors Get Rich Showing Their Rooms.

W.S. HOBART'S JAPANESE ROOM

Richard Harding Davis and Rudyard Kipling Sew Nicely, But Do Not Boast of It.

New York, Nov. 9.-There is an apartment-house in this city that is half rented to young men, business fellows and professionals. The house was erected for a studio building, Insuites of three rooms, but as the rents were high not enough prosperous

artists could be found to fill the building.

A young business man applied, and upon giving security that he would in no way mar the artistic ensemble, was admitted. To day his rooms are the most artistic of any recan it is tone of art. Seeing the favor with which his presence was viewed in the apartment bosse, he made bold to request the admission of other young men, not artists, as occupants, and now there is one whole floor filled with men, each baving his own suite of rooms and each inter-

would find facing the interior of the New York Tombs. One day there went an order from Kipling to the city. Three days later a big package came back, and for three days after that there was more hammering in that square room than the whole house had known for years. During this time a friend of Kipling's

dropped up country to see his writing friend and find if he had died from ennut. Post delays were frequentitlere, and so there was no word of the friend's arrival until he stepped into Kipling's room, "What" yelled the friend in amazement, "have you gone crazy? Do I see my friend,

the celebrated 'literary feller,' sitting on top of a step-ladder hemming white muslin

"Say," roared Kipling, clearing the steps at a bound, "I'm not hemming them! I'm tacking them up. And if you ever tell about this fool business, I'll kill you. Look at the frescol made along that celling."

But the friend kept quiet awhile, then "peached."

Cushions in bachelor apartments are no quite as popular as they were. Better to say that new arrivals of cushions are not quite as popular. One hundred cushions the right number for a couch, are all a man wants. This includes the round cushions, the ear cushions and the big foundation ones that make a couch comfortable to begin with. Each new girl contributes a cushion, but she need not make more than one. A

a cushion fraught with all the memories that a bachelor so dearly cherishes. Eachelor physicians invariably own one room, filled with the gifts of patients.
Along one side of the room runs a shelf with

dress spotted with rain drops which the gallant one would fain have saved her makes



The Team's Boat Room.

the house has a set of keys to fit the rooms and often, when the apartments are vacant, he conducts callers through them to give them an artistic treat. It is the shrewd suspicion of the owners of the apartments that the enterprising janitor charges a small fee for the exhibit of their rooms. But of this they have not sufficient actual proof to make grounds for complaint.

When a man sets to work to decorate his rooms his sole iden is the association of things. That straw hat was worn fishing. How appropriate that it should hang upon the wall. That puddle was connected with the fishing trip. It must hang near the hat, and that old striped thing was spread over the bank at night. Appropriate group. The bianket across the paddle for a portiere and the hat hung upon it for decoration. This is masculine art reason-

One of the members of the Harvard boat crew has a room fitted up with en heat crew has a room fitted up with em-blems of the water. He terms the room 'the team's boat room,' All things in bachelor quariers are hing upon the wall. The small furry animal lired from his lair and shot is flattened upon the wall as a langing trophy next to the wild duck that was brought down with the same charge. A rowboat makes a capital cabinet, ended up and fitted with shelves, and an old small is without equal in the cabinet line. For chairs, pillows, and bowknots the bach-For chairs, pillows, and bowknots the bachelot quarters depend wholly upon feminine favor. But who ever saw a bachelor apart-ment that lacked these small fixings? BACHELOR MILLIONAIRE.

W. S. Hobart, the young California mil-onaire, now at Karvard, has a particular fancy for large rooms, for many of them and for different decoration in each room. He has a Japanese flower room for win-ter and a very fine sleeping room of the Louis Quinze order. No man ever tried to spend his money faster upon spartments than young Hobert. His racing stable is second hardly to the Keene stables, and his wardrobe is so chormous that his valet has to hire a helper to keep his master's troasers brushed and upon stretchers. His rooms are a singular combination of

richness and simplicity, with here and there considerable good taste shown. The there considerable good taste shown. The Japanese room, of which a paotograph was taken by a classman, is a mass of Japa-nese flowers. They are artificial quince, magnohas, and the blossoms of date, fig and palm. It is a bright little reception room, and its only concession to Ameri-canism are the chairs, which stand around in place of the blanket couches of the

of the bachelor apartments in a hous New Haven is given up to the use of und men with money. One of the young young men with money. One of the young men has a mother who is most indulgent and anxious about him. This estimable lady, who lives in the West, sent to a New York dealer for furniture for her

toom. have sent to V.'s for the handsomest "I have sent to V.'s for the handsomest bed in their establishment. It will be my cluse gift for your rooms," wrote the fond parent. When the bed arrived the young man was not at home, but when he returned at a foggy hour of the morning he was surprised to find the junitor sitting m. "I thought ye might like a said that worthy, following

our hero up the stairs,
"A lift. What do you mean, Watkins?
Are you drunk, or am I?"
"Neither, Sir, but there's a new bed come fur ye, and I didn't loike to go to bed, sir, until I'd seen ye in it."
Much mystified the young man opened the door of his steering room to find

the door of his sleeping room to find "the new bed" there indeed. It stood against the north wall and the southern posts thereof nearly met the south wall. Is top reared its high head to the ceiling. where a bunch of chermbs busied them-selves tying up the brocaded canopy, and its breadth was sufficient for an army of visiting cousins. But the height was the It was a Queen Elizabeth bed, d which needed four steps before a jesty could mount to sleep.

Next day a carpenter made a set of steps and covered them with royal velvet, and the young man sat down and wrote to his mother a letter of thanks for her thousand dollar bed, but he said to his friends, "The old lady is weakening. She thinks

"DICKY" DAVIS SEWS. Men who sew are not proud of their accomplishment. But nearly all men who keep up bachelor quarters and entertain their friends are able to take a loop in a curtain, and, at a pinch, twist a ribbon re-

sette into shape. Richard Harding Davis is said by feminine friends to be as clever with the accelle as with the pen, though with a personal preference for working with the latter. When in his own bachelor apartments in New York he gets up very fine bits of fancy work, remarkable, it must be confessed, more for their taste than for their merit in the stitches. He is an adept at planning window decorations, and gives advice to his friends when a hopeless set of windows loom up, with the stiffest of currains hang-ing from the top of them.

A friend of Rudyard Kipling's bachelor

accept, she sent for the conductor, who soon discovered she was on the wrong train. A few miles east of Spokane the Great Northern track crosses the Northern Pacific track. There Mrs. Hahlo was handed off the train and fortunately caught a Northern Pacific track. days tells a story of that writer's versatility in the line of house decoration. Young Kip-ling was off somewhere in the country "writing in the backwoods to get a local flayor," and bunking in a great square room with as much internal inspiration as one

MEN WHO PASS THE PLATE

J. Pierpont Morgan Takes Up Money for the Lord.

SHUTS HIS EYES AT PENNIES

John D. Rockefeller Steals in at Choir Rehearsals and Out the Back Way.

Some to the church repair. Not for the doctrine, but the music there.
-Pope's "Essay on Criticism."

This begins like a critique upon church-goers, but it is nothing of the sort. The foregoing rhyme was quoted to John D. Rockefeller one Sunday morning when, tired from an overland journey, dusty still from travel of the night before, and disheartened by worry, he slipped out of the house while the others were dressing for morning service and found his way to church an hour before church-time.

MILLIONAIRE EAVESDROPPER.

The organist was practising holiday assic, as the oil king knew he would be, and for an hour he sat quietly in the shadow of the gallery intening. No one saw him but the saint overhead, through whose Bible wedding garment the light fell in

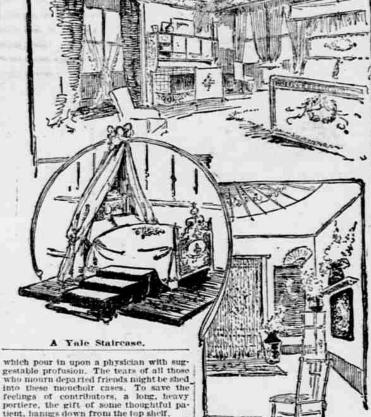
mellow flood. When the church bells began to ring the when the church besis began to ring the organist pushed in his stops and wherled around to wait for the time to begin the choral overture. Then the oil king arose, slipped quietly out of church, and went home by a back street. No one knew he had been to church until he told the pastor of it that night at supper. Then the above couplet was fired at him by his quick whited son. In his Cleveland church Mr. Rockefeller passes the plate—a plain, cloth-lined basket.

John D. Rockefeller is very old-fashloned.

in one way. He keeps the Baptist Sabbath as his New England ancestors kept it. In the morning all go to church, after which each separate member of the family teaches a class in Sunday school, exrepresentations a class in sunday scaon, except John D. Jr., who is in his mother's
Bible class. Dinner in the family is at
noon, and at night Dr. Fannee, the pastor
of the church, more offen than not, takes
his Sunday evening neal there. After
supper comes church again, and then a
private concert of church music at home.
They wanted him to must the plate in They wanted him to pass the plate in New York, but he declined.

PIERPONT MORGAN'S SUNDAY. A different Sunday from this is spent by J. Pierpont Morgan, who starts out promptly at the sound of the church-going bell, but who goes to church to work rather than to listen or to enjoy.

Kipling's Backwoods Room



One of New York's most level-headed and

do you? Well, of course, I'd rather you

MISHAP OF THE HONEYMOON.

Groom Bound for the Pacific and Bride

e Oregonian.

n the northwest.

Speeding Toward the Atlantic. Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Hahlo of Butte, Mont.

of Butte and has a large circle of friends

The next morning Mr. and Mrs. Hahls met with a curious mishap at the union depot in Spokane, where they were to take

Hahle, accompanied by some friends, went to the depot without Mr. Hahle, who was to join her before the train left. He had been delayed uplown by some business arrangement. Mrs. Hahle, by mistake, got aboard the Great Northern train, cast-

bound. Mr. Hahlo arrived at the depot and, supposing that his bride was safely aboard the Great Northern sleeper on the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's

train, stepped abeard just as the train was pulling out of the station. Going into the steeper Mr. Hahlo soon discovered that his wife was not on the

got considerably excited. The train had

gone several miles before he made up his naind the best thing he could do would be to get off and walk back to Spokane. Meantime Mrs. Hubble was having an in-teresting time. When the Great Northern train pulled out of the depot for the East

and her husband had not joined her in the

sleeper, she sent for the conductor, who

cific train back to Spokane within a few min-

ites. Arriving at Spokane she met her nusband. Explanations were exchanged and

Finally Mr. and Mrs. Hablogot on the right train together and arrived in this city.

Immediately, to draw it mild, he

W. S. Hobart's Japanese Room.

popular bachelors long since adopted the plan of saying boldly what he would like to have. "You want to give me a birthday present, His work of Sunday is as urgent as his rs of Monday. wouldn't. In fact, you must not, though I should awfully prize anything from you-should keep it forever-never part with it-look at it last thing every night! What do I want? Anything-from you. A pillow? Awfully sweet of you. Yes! But say! I'm For many years past J. Piercont Morgan has passed the plate in St. George's Church, that lovely edifice presided over by the young sensationnist, br. Rains-ford. Many of the latter's views em-anate from the brain of Pierpont Mora wfully needing a silver teaspoon with my name on it, so the chambermaid can't steal anate from the brain of Pierpont Mor-gan, and when the young ciergyman waved the red-flag of antagonism in the faces of Dr. Parkhurst and other leaders, by advocating the placing the saloens in the hands of the church, he got his ideas straight from that head of executive ability. J. Pierpont Morgan. Both gentlemen want saloous open certain t. Could you send me that instead of the pillow?" Bachelor apartments are so readily fur-Bachelor apartments are so readily furnished that the owner gets an erroneous idea of housefurnishing. He thinks a whole house furnishes itself, somehow, just as his bachelor quarters did. But there is an awakening when he finds that each pilkew and each bow of ribbon costs him just so much in cold, solid cash. bours on Sunday, and both gentlemen work hard Sabbath afternsons, discussing with men of finance and head, the way to put the church and the saloon on better

rems with each other.

No one could see J. Pierpont Morgan pass the plate in church and ever forget the picture. The striking face of Mr. Morgan, his imposing bearing and the timid, humble way he slides the gold filigree plate into a pew in front of you, make a strange contrast in the name. o are making a bridal tour of the Pacific st, are stopping at the Portland, says you, make a strange contrast in the man They were married at It is because he loves to gollect mo Spokane recently, where the bride, well-known in society circles of that city as Miss Fisher, has lived for several years. Her faller is a prominent furrier of that place. Mr. Hablo is a prosperous merchant

the Lord, that this "Wall Street Boc-tor" passes the plate, not because he thinks he can gather more than anybody else. He is not a very clever collector, for He is not a very clever collector, for after once starting the plate on its rounds after once starting the plate on its rounds down the church pew, he modestly casts his eyes to the ground and takes ca. not to see the pennies, the buttons and the lozenges which delinquents cast into the waiting plate. Pierpont Morgan receives more of these than any other collector in St. George's, but his own green roll privately cast into the gold rim atones for the lozenger and transcore them all met with a curious mishap at use depot in Spokane, where they were to take the Great Northern sleeping car for this city over the Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's line. The Oregon Railway and Navigation Company's train and the Great Northern frain leave the depot within three minutes of each other, one bound for the east, the other for this city. Mrs. one of F. Pierpont assume that any other collector in St. George's, but his own green roll privately east into the gold rim atoms for the lozenges and ransoms them all. One of F. Pierpont Morgan's flooring waiting plate. Pierpont assume that waiting plate. Pierpont assume that any other collector in St. George's, but his own green roll privately east into the gold rim atoms for the lozenges and ransoms them all. One of F. Pierpont Morgan's flooring waiting plate. Pierpont assume that waiting plate. Pierpont assume that the collector in St. George's, but his own green roll privately east into the gold rim atoms for the lozenges and ransoms them all. One of F. Pierpont assume that the plate of the collector in St. George's, but his own green roll privately east into the gold rim atoms for the lozenges and ransoms them all. One of F. Pierpont assume that the plate of the collector in St. George's, but his own green roll privately east was a sum as a sum of the collector in St. George's should receive more of these than any other collector in St. George's, but his own green roll privately east was a sum of the collector in St. George's should receive more of these than any other collector in St. George's but his own green roll privately east was a sum of the collector in St. George's should receive and the collector in St. George's should receive and the collector in St. George's should receive s

any other professional man at the head of his profession. The \$50,000 a year of the prosperous lawyer is none too much for them, according to the J. Pierpon Morgan standard. Alaska will have a bishop now, not from the proceeds of the plate carried weekly by the finan-cier, but from the check which he has guaranteed. He will pay the salary of the bishop of Alaska for three years, and at the end of that time he hopes the people o Alaska will have enough money to pay it themselves. If they haven't he will continue to send the yearly check. This is the kind of a churchman J. Pierpont

VANDERBILT AND BARTHOLOMEW Cornelius Vanderbilt doesn't own St. Bartholomew's, the pretty church on Madi son avenue, near the Grand Central station but he feels as if it belonged to him.

On Forty-second street, well over toward the poorer quarters of New York, there is a St. Eartholomew Mission, which is largely supported by Mr. Vanderbilt's checks and the charities of the church look to him for a life over the winter.

plate regularly, but latterly has grown tired of it.

Mr. Vanderbilt never misses a Sunday in church. He goes early, sits well front, teeps his eyes and ears upon the music at

to him for a lift over the winter. For twenty years he carried the contribution

NURSING SICK BACHELORS

With Ill Society Men.

SOME ROMANCES WOVEN IN

wards the window and groans, "I'm a dog." He is one of the ten wealthy bachelors who have broken down this actumn under the strain of gayety on both sides the ocean; and, also, one of the fortunate ten who have been provided with trained nurses from the best hospitals, and have had hearly buile-tins issued to society, reporting their progress to recovery. That the physicians who sent for the nurses to care for these patients abundantly understood what they

J. Tierpout Morgan's Dish of Gold Filigree, (Sketched from Life.)

the back and front of the church-where so the back and front of the church—where so many New York churches have organs—and conducts, in his own mind, the service. His family usually accompanies him, but, like all fashionable New Yorkers, they like now and then to play truant and look in upon the fashionable edifices along Fifth avenue from the Cathedral up and down for a few blocks on either side. The Cathedral music blocks on either side. The Cathedral musi and the beauty of the service draws many who are not Catholics. But half New York's aristocrats are members of the Cathedral,

For many years this railroad magnate For many years thus raincad magnates has placed a single bill in the constribution plate every Sunday. There is a big figure 1 upon the bill with a complicated look about it that may mean two naughts after it. This sum, with many millionaires, is pew rent, for very few of the New York churches have prices upon their pews. "Seatsfree" inthisgreattown doesn't mean

"Sentafree" in this great fown doesn't mean a poor church. It means one supported by private contribution, and so immensely rich that it can afford not to "let" a single sitting. Everybody knows where everybody else sits, and there are sents for strangers, but no one "owns" a pew.

Russell Sage's phirch going has made him the buil of ridirfile in his own city and out of it. As a minter of fact, he is a regular church goer, but not an investerate one. He never goes out nights, and he goes only to norming service. He does not often go to Sunday-school, and he rarely takes in a prayer-meeting. His principal church work. prayer-meeting. His principal church work lies in the organizing of charities, in which he is certainly gifted and referous.

SAGE IN CHURCH. SAGE-IN CHURCH.

If a rich man desan't enertain he is called "stings." If he desen't throw his money all around a church be is called a "hypocrite." Now, Nr. Sige deer give away money, and the deer give it to all things which his elected supports, which his certainly doing very well. H's greatest religious charfity is in establishing memorials, like the Emma Willard Memorial of Troy, to people whom he has known and respected.

Russell Sage is old-fashioned in his church dress. He wears it e old white vest which our ancestors thought respectful to the Ewid every Sunday in the year.

vest which our ancestors thought respectful to the Iwid every Sunday in the year. His cravat is faultiessly ited in a religious bowknot, and his hair is laid smoothly in place. His very face has the bright Sunday look which the Puritans wore. Never did they take a care-lined face to church. They went solarly hat happily. They were placed in the stocks if they did not. Imassell Sage took up the contribution for his adored Dr. Paxten, and very ably he did it, rausing until a chink told of pennics cropped. He now passes it at the special meetings.

The younger financiers are not quite so fend of going to church. They are trying to get as rich as the old people, and

trying to get as rich as the old people, they exhaust their energy doing it. I find their path lending churchward i day morning, but only a few go twice a c Yet you will find some rising young millionaires at church always.

SETH LOW'S CHURCH. SETH LOW'S CHURCH.

Seth Low, that wonderful young president of Columbia College, gas to chargh all day Sunday. He can't earn his millions to give away and he can't guide his college affairs unless he spends one whole day of the week with "One who knows more than mortals." His Sunday-school class of young men is the largest one in the world. It has outgrown all its meeting-rooms and must soon be held in open church.

The Seth Low Sunday-school texts are

and must soon be need in open to the set. Low Senday-school texts are very practical. "How religion helps young men in business." "How religion helps me." "What religion can do for prosperity," and other attractive titles draw perity." the young fellows there for actual help in their work and profession. Seth Low is a young man, comparatively, and he has given away more than any other man of his age in the world. A million at a crack was his record a year ago. Sunday he announced an anonymous gift of \$10,00 for some church charity. As if anyone could be "anonymous" to that extent. There is hardly a millionaire in New York, of any age, or any pretentions he-York, of any age, or any pretentions be-yond actual dollars and cents, who does not go to church. Even Barney Bar-nato, in London, is strolling towards the ringing bells Sunday morning. They go-because "having all things, they want this One Thing more," and to possess it they have got to go after it themselves. If you ask them why they go to church they will tell you different rea-sons, varying Irom, "Because I like to sons, varying from, "Because I like to go," to "Because it is my duty to go," but whatever the reason may be, next Sunday you will find them in their pews as

His Theory. Pastor-Are you a thorough believer in Pastor—Are you a trace of a hereafter?
Old Stocksandbonds—Yes, sir; I believe that most New Yorkers are here after the ducats, and that they haven't time for much of anything else.—New York World.

The Bicycle Maid. Sing high, sing high for the peerless maid Who rides forth on a bicycle.
In all the pride of youth arrayed,
And as cool as an arctic icicle;
Who spins along with an eager zest, And trills her pet song merrily; Who be'er has a fall to the earth confessed Because she wheels so wardy.

Sing high, sing high, for the glow of health That blooms the cheek so cheerily Of the maids alike who roll in wealth, Or who toll all day unwearily; For the sinews firm, the strength like steel, For the muscles large, dimensional, That comes to the maid who rides the

Despite all rules conventional.

Sing high, sing high, for the lady fair, Not quite untouched by vanity, And who knows her chic and her dashing

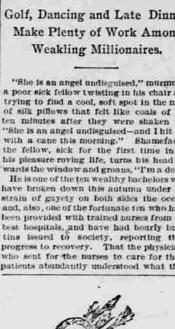
Bewitch all male humanity; Whose eyes shine bright with a luster glad,
And whose voice rings out girlishly;
The lovely maid with the cycling fad,
Whom prudes decry so churishly. Sing high, sing high, for the wheeling craze

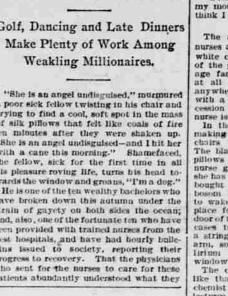
That holds as captives presently
The girls of the fin de siecle days.
And makes their time pass pleas
With the buggy old and the coach s him: 'If you open your mouth again I will prop it open with a stick so you can't close italiday.' And he said: 'Show me how.' Away with the ancient tricycle! While the world bows down 'neath the

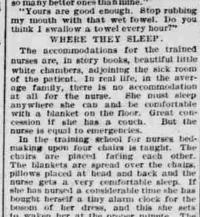
Trials of White Capped Angels

Golf, Dancing and Late Dinners Make Plenty of Work Among Weakling Millionaires.

trying to find a cool, soft spot in the mass of silk pillows that felt like coals of fire ten militates after they were shaken up-"She is an angel undisguised—and I hit her with a cane this morning." Shamefaced, the fellow, sick for the first time in all his pleasure roving life, turns his head to







boson of her dress, and this she sets to waken her at the proper minute. The place for her "bed" is right across the door of the room, and when she has difficult cases to deal with she often attaches a string to the window and to her own arm, so she will know if a sudden de-lirium has taken her patient to the window. The curriculum for a trained purse is like that of a physician, or demist, or chemist for the first year. She attends lectures, studies drugs and knows about the action of anesthetics. Often she is the only doctor a patient in a country home-



I put it in his mouth so, just as if he were a dog; and the minute I had his mouth fastened open he began to talk. I can talk this way, he said.

"No you can't,' said I. And down his throat I poured a spoonful of black medicine, just like this! And he swallowed it—just like that!

"Now you go to sleep again and maybe I will tell you a story in an hour, or get Nurse Rose to tell you one. She knows ever so many better ones than mine."

"Yours are good enough. Stop rubbing my mouth with that wet fowel. Do you think I swallow a towel every hour?"

Suitable to the Sea the Mount.

Suitable to the Sea, the Mountains, the Suburbs or the Meadow Lands.

Every year city residents increase their rural holdings, and now that holding journeyings are over many a woman has returned to town, the possessor of a brand new country place. It is during summer outings that such purchases are made, and in winter time the new homes and the ready for exemptors the text. is gotten ready for occupancy the next

spring.

No somer is the first payment made than all the family begin cudgeling their brains for a suitable name—a name at once musical, descriptive, and that is safe to look well on her note paper.

safe to look well on her note paper.

There is a system by which it can be done, and that if carefully followed, will prevent one from calling a cottage, scarce larger than a thimble, "The Towers," or a great estate "The Lodge."

There are a long list of prefixes and suffixes that will of themselves, describe not only the size but situation of a house and estate, and to confine strad with and estate, and to confuse strad with croft, or court with cole, is to be guilty of a mistake indeed.

PREFIX AND SUFFIX.

If you wish in some wise to associate a family name with that of the hone, by to utilize for either a large or small place the frish prefix Bally, the charming Scotch suffix Hope, or the equally musical English Honour. Here we have Bally Watter, Bally Bessie, Bally Brown, Fally



Trained Nurses and Wealthy Bachelors Disagree at Times

THEIR RELATIONS.

NURSE'S QUALITIES. "Send your most enpuble nurse at once-Must be able to talk, read and sing must be good natured enough to be kicked."

Twenty sweet faced young women wear-ing the cap and aprop of the order of framed urses have been kicked, sworn at and bused during the last few weeks. But for abused during the last few weeks. But for all twenty there has been the word of praise attered by the young man in the first line of this article. "She is an angel.

Trained muses say that bachelors, no matter whether young or old, are the most difficult patients in the world to take care of. One young woman begged a hospital superintendent, when a certain very rich oachelor was sick in September: "Don't send me there. I'll take all the teething brokes and all the nervous old women, but don't give me a freity bachelor." Yet the bachelors, poor fellows, must be cared for and no one can do it but the soft-handed, gentle voiced woman mirse.

When a trained nurse steps into a house.

hended, gentile voiced woman nurse.

When a trained nurse steps into a household in obedience to the doctor's call she carries with her a small gripsack. In five minutes she has slipped into a dark gown, tied on an apron, pinued on ber cap, and is sitting by the patient's side. She asks no questions. In a few minutes the subdued light of the room becomes familiar to ber eyes, she rises, moves around, reads the directions left by the doctor, lowers a window shade, twists a paper screen before an ugly glare, moves away the clutter of things that have been worrying the patient with fantastic shapes, and by the time she has seated herself by his side there is a snug air of confort, a wave of peace over the entire room.

GETTING HIM ASLEEP.

"MissAlncia, if I can't keep you any other way I'll marry you! But you won't have ne because I'm suck, Jack's the flower of the family, and you'll stay here then.' I didn't dare to tell him. I was going to take care of another man. But it is a friend of his, and he will see me the first timeshe goes out to make a call."

"I had a queer patient once," chatted one of the girls, for it was a social evening in a nurses' bearding-house, and all were telling experiences. "He was blind in a queer way. One eye was sightless, it moved like a roving ball inside the eye ball. At times it would come to the process over the entire room.

GETTING HIM ASLEEP. "What have you done with the medicine bottles?" asks the patient.

"Given them to the other marse."

"Where is she?"

"In the next room. Shall I call her?"

"No, you'll do. Going to stay here?

You'll find me an awful, awful—" the words are dying slowly away. The patient is falling asleep, and the nurse, who has been warned that insomnia is all that is keeping her patient sick, smiles with a gratified air. "No wonder he couldn't fix the furniture so that I shall have some thing new to see when my eyes give me sight again for a minute?

"An idea came across me, and I stepped to the long glass over his dressing table. I placed it opposite him. By his side I stood another mirror from the next room and over his head balanced another. Between the mirrors I set tall palms. Something told me he would see again soon. deep, with five medicine bottles in a row sleep, with the medicine bottles in a row starring at him," she says, as she tiptoes out to consult the other nurse, for when backelors are to be cared for the trained nurses go in pairs. There is not one who would be willing to take the responsibility

Giving medicine is the first orden! that to be met. "Say, I'll promise to get stuff for nerves," said a man patient to the nurse he had had only an ho

"And I'll promise you to let up on the black stuff if you will stop being nervous," was the quick reply. "Is it a bargain" as the spoon and bottle came out. "Have I got to take it now?" asked the

"No; not until I've told you a story. We ilways tell stories when we give medicine. Do you like stories?"
"Ye—es," reluctantly, for the patient

scented a subterfuge.

"Very well. I will tell you one about a patient who always interrupted me. Whenever I tried to say anything to him he always broke in with an interruption, a closest of family friends, for they have in fifteen years filled every post of respon-sibility in hundreds of households. rd. He was the rudest man I ev Yes, he was! Fact! One day I said to

"No sooner had I done this and stepped back to view my work than there came an awful rell. 'I can see! I can seer' shouted my patient, 'and yon have built me a bower of flowers. Oh, God, oh, God, If it could only last." 'It was over in a minute; sight was gone.

thing told me he would see again soon.

wild with nervousness for days before while I was feeding him to get him in good

condition.

"I saw for a full minute three days ago." he said to me the other day, 'and I noticed you had rearranged the chairs. Will you fix the furniture so that I shall have some

But he talked all day about his glimpse of fairy land Poor fellow, he had never seen luto a mirror before." The age limit for a trained purse is thirty-five for a beginning. But nearly all don the cap and apron at eighteen, and at thirty-five are mothers of families, wives of husbands, husbands of wives, and the

Got the "Busts" Mixed. "Saw General Lee and "Stonewall' Jack-son on a bust in Atlanta." "Too bad! What we're a-needin' in this bere country is prohibition!"—Atlanta Con-stitution-

had to deal with is shown by a telegram now preserved in one of the hospitals in and what to do in emergencies like byspatient is in bed, cooking for the sick room, and what to do in emergencies like bysteria, insomnia, fever and pain. But equal in importance to all of this is Tact, with a large "T."

There is a great deal of sentimental trash written about the relations of patient and murse. Their relations are those of a fee ble-minded child—as the patient temporarily is—and a firm, sweet, capable wonan, nothing more, nothing less. The man, nothing more, nothing less. The child may fail in love with the woman, but the woman feels a great barrier of superiority to the child. Charleycote, Charlemont, Eliengowan, Alannah, Maryvale, Arthulie, Sweet Wil-liam, and the like arrangement. Should the firmly name be both dignified and cuphonious it will sound very well alone. Of the twenty nurses that have been sent to nurse sick bachelors this fall three have come back reporting proposals of marri-age. "Poor fellow!" laughed one, openfor such titles as Langdon, Melville, Marshall and Brotson possess sufficient dig-tity and meaning in themselves.

FOR SEASIDE HOMES. ceive lis designation many ludian words come to mind, as Mattapoisette, meaning place of rest by the water; Ondawa, within sound of the waters; Umowawa, in the mists; combe, hoe, moor, dune, etc.; are some of the scuside suffixes that help out excellently in compiling a good name, of which Higher-Combe, Wyverahoe, Dunedene, and Moorfield are examples; Scamont, Essecuran, Fownhope, Dunganmoor, and Falaise, the latter meaning a cliff, are names suitable for rather more stately mansions at watering places, while Breezecote, Securchius, Wing and Wing, Leeward, and Watersheen are only appro-priate to the modest cottages. Back from the water the little house, set in its own pocket handkerchief of a deoryard, shaded by some fine old fruit trees, becomes apright spot and for a minute he would see in perfect focus, clear as day. Then all was darkness for him. Nothing could be done for him. As he was very wealthy he kept having consultations of physicians, and I was nurse for the lost consultations, as the doctors hoped to help him. He was

WHEN IN THE HILLS. WHEN IN THE HILLS.

A group of young women who have built their own summer house in one of the popular country settlements among the fair Berkshire Hills, have respectively named their charming cabins, Alicia, Felicia and Adelaide, after themselves, another house-keeper calls her demessie Ladyland; a third maiden's mansion is Lucknow, since she never had luck till she dweltin it, a neighbor calls hers Pennyroyal, for she says it only cost her a penny and it provided der with cost her a penny and it provided her with royalfun. Hawthornden is white with hedge blossoms in spring. Bonheur is the jolliest cottage in the settlement, and on an eleva-tion in a flourishing vegetable garden stands

Cornhill. In another garden is a brown cabin called Heathcole, rear neighbor to Kushaqua, the Indian name for a squaw's retreat. Be-sides these are a score of lodges, brown, white and gray, a pretty brookside cottage, rightly bearing the name Overbeck, since beck implies a brook; back a bit in the forest stands Under woods; at the edge of the forest rises Attwoode, and beside it is Biriwood, with its balcony hung with canaries. Overlooking the meadows is Bloomfield; by the river is Willowlea, and the house

near the church, where the clergyman re-sides, is rightly called the Manse. There are, however, the same guiding rules that hold good for the naming of the more expansive country place, which is a holm if near marshes, lynn near a waterfall, a priory when the architec-ture is semi-ecclesiastical, a grange if a farm, or the addition of hurst implies hearness to groves; bury signifies a manor house; minater, a large paramage; court, something little less than a palace, and sead, a second definition of a farm.